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"I KNEW YOUR SON."

*Page 11.*

# H A R V E S T,

## A Poem,

IN TWO PARTS;

WITH OTHER

## P O E T I C A L P I E C E S.

BY

**Charlotte Caroline Richardson.**

---

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; -----

MILTON.

---

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1818.

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TO

CHARLES HUTTON,

L.L.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.

THESE POEMS

ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS TRULY AFFECTIONATE AND

HUMBLE SERVANT,

CHARLOTTE CAROLINE RICHARDSON.

841660

7.5.

TO  
DR. HUTTON.



WHILE Genius, nobly conscious of her worth,  
Lifts her fair head, and self-supported stands,  
Shall Charlotte dare present these simple strains  
To judgment so exalted,—so refin'd?—  
To you, the Friend of Song! beneath whose care  
Her Parent Muses wak'd the sylvan lyres.—  
To the sweet murmurs of the gentle Wear,  
One tun'd the Shepherd's pipe in dulcet sounds;  
Another, 'mid fair Hilda's pleasant vales,  
Pour'd her soft numbers to the list'ning groves.  
For you they sung;—each sung, and each admir'd,  
Till kindred Fancy breath'd the mutual strain  
Of love and happiness. By them inspir'd,  
On Hilda's plains, a lonely wanderer,  
I tremblingly invok'd the infant Muse.  
You blest her earliest efforts.—Oh! if now  
You would accept her off'ring; if you now  
Would “chide her wand'rings,” or indulgent  
smile  
On Merit's feeble rays, she asks no more.



## CONTENTS.

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### DEDICATION.

Harvest, Part I. . . . .	1
Harvest, Part II. . . . .	23
On the Death of our beloved and lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales . . . . .	43
The Harp of Sorrow, an Ode . . . . .	47
Jephtha . . . . .	57
The Distressed Villagers . . . . .	63
Lines on leaving Hinderwell . . . . .	69
The Redbreast . . . . .	72
The Early Primrose . . . . .	74
Despair . . . . .	76
Hope . . . . .	77
Eliza's Birth-Day . . . . .	79
Sympathy's Tear . . . . .	81
The Rainbow . . . . .	82
On hearing a Friend play on the Psaltery . . . . .	84
The Orphan . . . . .	86
To-Morrow . . . . .	88
To the Memory of a Pious Clergyman . . . . .	89
The Adieu . . . . .	93
Lines written at Sea . . . . .	95
The Smile . . . . .	96
Stanzas, on reading the Prince Regent's Speech at the Open- ing of Parliament in 1818 . . . . .	98
Maggie's Complaint . . . . .	101
Lines, respectfully inscribed to the Muse's Friends . . . . .	103



# H A R V E S T.

A P O E M.

---

PART I.

---

Think, O ! grateful think,  
How good the God of Harvest is !

THOMSON.

N O more the Muse thro' hostile fields shall rove;  
Joyful, she sees the once embattled plain  
A scene of pleasure, love, and harmony;  
Joyful, she listens to the welcome sound,  
While vict'ry proclaims the glorious truth,—  
Peace shall diffuse her blessings on mankind,  
And War, detested War, shall be no more !

Rejoice, ye suff'ring nations ; ye who shrunk  
 Beneath its baneful pow'r, be comforted !—  
 For lo ! the Monster wings his passage hence,  
 And, with ten thousand horrors on his head,  
 Sinks in the shades of black and endless night.  
 Hush'd is the cannon's roar ; the sanguine streams  
 No longer flow profuse ; the tow'ring plume,  
 The steed rude trampling on the dying foe,  
 The gleam of polish'd spear and armour bright,  
 The dread confusion of the field—are gone !

The shock is past. Yet, like a dream of terror,  
 It leaves its frightful image on the mind.  
 'Tis past ! Yet many a tender bosom owns  
 The silent throb of anguish ; mourns in vain  
 The hour that tore its fondest hopes away :  
 Nor time the sad remembrance can efface  
 Of those—to parents, wife, or children dear !



Mercy would ask, Why rag'd the conflict dire?  
 Did Heav'n, just vengeance on our sins to take,  
 Awake the angry tempest? For the crimes  
 Of guilty Europe, could the lives of millions  
 Alone give satisfaction? Can it be,  
 That the Almighty Pow'r, who cares for all,  
 Whose very name is Goodness, Truth, and Love,  
 Requir'd so rich—so vast a sacrifice?  
 Ah! no,—'twas Murder with her Gorgon train,  
 Stern Cruelty, Disdain, and fierce Revenge;  
 But chiefly thee, Ambition, source of ill!  
 Thine is the work of ruin,—at thy shrine  
 The off'ring lies,—the blood of Innocence!  
 Nor had the wretched victims found a balm  
 To heal the fatal wound, nor dar'd to hope  
 A period to their long-protracted woes,  
 Till Waterloo's brave Heroes sought the field.  
 Arm'd in fair Virtue's cause, they nobly quell'd

The fiends of Discord ; to themselves they gave  
 A name immortal!—to the Nations round,  
 The joys of Liberty, and lasting Peace.

Hail, gentle Peace! celestial Stranger, hail!  
 O! henceforth reign on Earth; thro' ev'ry land  
 Let ev'ry heart thy gracious influence own.  
 Already hast thou calm'd the tumult wild  
 Of jarring Nations,—wider still extend  
 Thy boundless sway; and as the rising Sun  
 Sheds light and life on a reviving world,  
 And bids fair Nature smile in all her charms,  
 So be thy pow'r display'd. While distant climes  
 Partake the gen'ral blessing, let us all,  
 Let ev'ry happy home with joy confess  
 Thy sacred presence. Fount of real good!  
 Whate'er thy title, Friendship—Harmony—  
 Spirit of Meekness—Charity—or Love!

'Tis Thou canst yield us ev'ry comfort here,  
And lead the way to an approving Heav'n.

Sure, if Omnipotence e'er condescends  
To view with kind regard the ways of men;  
If aught in frail mortality may hope  
A blessing from on high,—'tis when the smile  
Of universal Concord beams around ;  
And the full heart its happiness unfolds  
In a soft, silent pray'r of Gratitude  
To bounteous Heav'n!—This is the sacrifice  
Most truly pleasing to the God of Peace!  
O! then, let all with one uniting voice  
The joyful tribute pay; nor e'er forget  
The Spring from whence our various comforts flow;  
And while we taste his rich benevolence,  
May the great Giver teach us how to thank him.  
And ye, in whose mistaken minds exists

A doubt of an o'er-ruling Providence,—  
 Look round,—'tis Nature pleads her Maker's cause;  
 Look round,—and see the wonders of his hand;  
 A Harvest see,—with sev'nfold Plenty crown'd!  
 Behold the gifts Divine,—with humble heart  
 Receive them,—and confess the God of Peace!

While yet the sighs of Poverty were heard,  
 And Want and Misery still hover'd near,  
 The sullen Soul, where Discontent prevail'd,  
 Would ask, "Are these the promis'd joys of peace?"  
 And ev'n the bosom of the upright man  
 Glow'd with a strong impatience of desire,  
 Which Virtue could not blame,—a wish that all  
 Might find relief,—that every Child of Woe  
 Alike might share the blest tranquillity.  
 One Pow'r alone can soften all our cares;  
 To him the sorrows of the Poor are known;

The good man's secret,—fervent prayer to Him,  
 Availeth much!—He is our only hope,—  
 Our refuge in distress!

At length releas'd

From the rude dangers, toils, and fears of War,  
 The Husbandman to Earth's maternal care  
 Consigns the golden treasure.—Melting dews,  
 And soft refreshing show'rs their influence lend;  
 The tender blade appears;—well pleas'd he views  
 Its infant progress;—marks with watchful eye  
 Deep and still deeper glow the vernal hues,—  
 And trembles, lest some wintry blast should crush  
 His expectations.—Fear not, gentle swain!  
 Heav'n will protect thy stores; a blest reward,  
 Beyond whate'er thy highest hopes have form'd,  
 Shall crown thy labours; and thy fertile fields  
 Shall add fair Plenty to the smiles of Peace.

Now sweetly bending to the morning breeze,  
 Wide o'er the plain the waving verdure floats ;  
 Refulgent suns their genial warmth impart,  
 Till the full ear attains its perfect growth,  
 And, casting off her dress of fading green,  
 At once in dazzling robe of richest gold,  
 Proud Nature shines luxuriant.—Charming sight !  
 O'er hill, and dale, and many a spacious plain,  
 The glowing landscape spreads.—Ah ! who, unmov'd  
 Can view so fair a scene ?—What heart so cold  
 As not to feel sensations of delight  
 And admiration, on beholding thus  
 Creation's boundless gift,—the hope of all !  
 In wond'rous beauty flourishing.—Ye winds,  
 Blow soft, and mild ; let not one precious grain  
 Fall useless to the ground.—Ye heavy rains,  
 Forbear, with desolating sweep, to blight  
 Our cheering prospects.—On the great event  
 Hang the sole comforts of a num'rous train.

Come, Farmer, lead thy many reapers forth;  
 Ye strong arm'd swains, ye blooming maidens, come,  
 Nor youth, nor feeble age be unemploy'd;  
 The joyful cause requires that all around  
 United aid should lend;—whether to wield  
 The keen edg'd sickle, or with careful hand  
 Bind the full sheaves; to range in even rows  
 The counted heaps; or bear the cooling cann,  
 Whence oft the Rustic, resting from his toil,  
 Drinks freely.

Now across the yellow plain  
 The task goes briskly on; joy fills each breast,  
 And smiles on ev'ry face;—and cheerfulness  
 And mirth abound; while, haply passing by,  
 The Trav'ler, gazing on the goodly scene,  
 Feels too the gen'rous impulse, and exclaims,  
 “Blest be your labours! In the name of Heaven,  
 “Success attend you!”

'Tis the hour of Noon ;  
 The well stor'd basket comes ;—and seated round  
 Their table, (Earth's soft lap) the hungry guests  
 Partake the welcome fare :—then stretch'd along,  
 Some seek a short repose ; some list'ning sit  
 To hear the well known tale, or merry lay ;  
 Or join the laugh by rural wit inspir'd.—  
 Again arous'd, they all again pursue  
 The glad employ ; till o'er the western hills,  
 The sinking Sun bespeaks approaching Night.  
 “ Enough, my friends,” th' exulting Master cries,  
 “ Your first Day's work is done,”

Pleas'd they retire.

While far behind a motley group is seen,  
 Who, roving o'er the stubble, glean'd with care  
 Their little handfuls ; and with burden scant,  
 And weary feet, now homeward trudge along :—  
 O ! thou, the owner of these ample fields,



Wouldst thou on each poor wanderer bestow  
 A single sheaf, how would they bless thy name!  
 And wouldst thou now and then again repeat  
 The small donation, how would it increase  
 Their humble store,—nor much diminish thine!  
 Perhaps some widow's helpless family,  
 Or wretched orphans, victims of distress,  
 And starving poverty:—if such they be,  
 With kind compassion, O! relieve their wants,  
 And Heav'n and thy own conscience will reward thee.

'Twas near where Esdale's softly flowing stream  
 Sweeps the smooth vale, and gliding o'er the beach,  
 Rude mingling joins old Ocean's troubled roar;—  
 A youthful Stranger, to his native plains  
 Was just returning from the dang'rous Seas,  
 Laden with wealth and honour.—

Nine long years

Of separation from the friends he lov'd,  
 Had not destroy'd Affections tender warmth  
 In Frederick's heart ; who, as he pass'd along,  
 Gaz'd fondly on each well remember'd scene,  
 That blest his infant hours.—

The thought of home

Engross'd his busy fancy ;—he forsook  
 The beaten track, and with forgetful step  
 Had wander'd from the road ; when, near at hand,  
 A waving Corn-field rustled in the breeze,  
 While the glad voices of a merry throng  
 Of Reapers caught his ear.—

Thither he turn'd ;

And as he view'd the hapless gleaning train,  
 Among the rest a humble pair were seen,  
 Whose feeble frames, scarce able to endure  
 The rough employ, beneath a weight of woe  
 Seem'd drooping.—Life's meridian sun was past,

And Sorrow hasten'd the approach of age.—  
 Compassion touch'd the sympathizing breast  
 Of Frederick, as with lib'ral hand he gave  
 The boon of Pity and Benevolence.—

“Thanks, gen'rous friend,” the grateful suff'rers cry'd,  
 “ For kindness such as yours we ne'er have met  
 Since the sad hour that plung'd us in distress.”

“ And may I ask the nature of your griefs ?”  
 Fred'rick enquir'd.—The Husband thus return'd,  
 “ Ere yet Misfortune's chilling gloom appear'd,  
 We hail'd the pleasing dawn of early life :  
 Blest with the cheerful smiles of affluence,  
 And all the comforts of domestic love,  
 An only Son our warmest wish had crown'd,  
 Whose rising virtues were his parent's pride.  
 Hope seem'd to promise years of endless bliss,  
 But cruel Fate forbade !—Increasing woes  
 Pour'd all their vengeance on us ; and our Son,

Anxious to save us from the threat'ning storm,  
 Spite of our fond entreaties, rashly brav'd  
 The fatal billows :—There, in bloom of life,  
 Our dear lov'd Fred'rick found a wat'ry grave!"  
 Here Fred'rick turn'd, to hide the gushing tear ;  
 For 'twas his Father's well known voice that spake  
 The tale of Misery !—" I knew your Son,"  
 He said, in falt'ring accent, " and can give  
 " Some information that may calm your minds."  
 " Speak," cried the Mother, " sure some Angel kind  
 You come to soothe our sorrows."—"Your dear Son  
 Yet lives to make you blest !" the youth return'd.  
 " Lives !" she exclaim'd—" Indulgent Providence !"  
 " Yes," he reply'd, your long-lost Fred'rick lives.—  
 " Behold him here !"

Kneeling, he grasp'd the hands  
 Of his astonish'd Parents ;—" O ! my Child !  
 The Mother cry'd ; and sunk upon his breast.

The Father wept—'twas bliss unspeakable !

They only who have prov'd so fond a scene,

Its raptures can conceive !

Kind Fortune smil'd ;

They liv'd a virtuous happy family ;

Blest with Contentment, Innocence, and Peace.

Lo ! in the East, from distant vale to vale,  
 The colour'd Bow its beauteous arch extends.  
 Hail, lovely Iris ! thee the Reapers hail,  
 A happy presage ; while along the glade  
 The show'r steals softly ;—first in shining drops,  
 And scarcely felt ; then, with redoubled force,  
 The falling streams increase the bubbling rills,  
 Where wanton Zephyr dips his silken wings,  
 And tips a blush on many a blooming flow'r  
 That decks the mead, or in the hedge-row smiles,  
 And breathes its fragrance round.

The rain is gone.—

Calm is the night; and sound the lab'ers rest.

Another Morning breaks; another Day

Of mirth and toil succeeds:—Each rising dawn

The task renews;—and now, ye jovial swains,

Prepare the team, to bear your treasures home.

Small triumphs can the noiseless Village boast;

Its houses all deserted;—ev'n the shop

Where the Mechanic ply'd his honest trade,

Neglected now!—Untouch'd the anvil stands;

The hammer, saw, and many a useful tool,

Are carelessly thrown by.—The urgent call

Of ripen'd Harvest wak'ning all to life.

Propitious still the Season glides along;

And soon the grateful Farmer hopes to see

His valu'd stores in safety.—Always near,

His ready counsel to impart, he strays

Where the tall stacks in graceful order rise;  
 Within the Barn lends an assisting hand,  
 Or guides th' unloaded Car back to the field.  
 Then to his reaping train, with busy step  
 Advancing, cheers them with approving voice.

'Tis past mid-day—the Sun withdraws his beams,  
 And sultry and oppressive is the air;  
 While in the dark'ning South, still darker clouds  
 Their fearful aspect shew. The Reapers gaze  
 Silent, and trembling, on the frowning skies;—  
 A sudden flash the wonted signal gives;  
 And loud, and long, the dreadful crash is heard;  
 Quicker the lightnings glance,—th' increasing storm  
 Approaches nearer:—mute the Rustics stand.—  
 The Master casts a pensive look around;  
 Then upward turns his eyes;—a look that speaks,  
 “ Much Corn is yet abroad; a few days more,

“And all had been secure :—But, gracious Heav’n!  
 Thy will be done.”—Nearer the tempest comes ;  
 To shun the torrents of a threat’ning cloud,  
 They seek the shelter of an aged Oak,  
 Whose friendly boughs some shelter might afford,  
 But—ere they reach it, a tremendous flash  
 The knotty centre cleaves !—Amaz’d, they shrink,  
 As o’er their heads the dread explosion bursts,  
 And rolls in awful majesty along.—  
 Deep in the bosom of the hollow vale  
 Affrighted Echo murmurs her reply.  
 Closer the Reapers croud ; for solemn fear  
 Prevails in every breast !

#### The Gleaners fly

With speed, and in the neighb’ring thicket hide :  
 And woe to him who, with dishonest hand,  
 Has oft in secret from the sheaf purloin’d  
 The tempting Ear ;—doubtless, for him alone



The lightnings glare ; and on his guilty head  
 The fatal bolt must fall !—Thus Conscience speaks,  
 While Innocence itself, alarm'd, beholds  
 A scene so terrible ! But the same Pow'r,  
 At whose command the fiery tempests rise,  
 Can still them too.—Then hush'd be ev'ry fear ;  
 The God of Harvest comes not to destroy !

Lightly the show'r descends : the thunder rolls  
 On the far distant shores ;—the op'ning skies  
 In lovely azure glow ; and all around  
 The setting Sun a soften'd lustre throws.  
 Refreshing breezes fly across the plains,  
 And dash the moisture from the drooping Corn.—  
 'Tis mildness all,—and Nature smiles again  
 In sweet serenity ;—then sinks to rest.

Blithe as the Lark that hails the rising morn,

The rural train their cheerful task resume,  
 Rich Autumn pours her varied bounties forth  
 In vast profusion ;—here the laden Oat,  
 Ripe, clust'ring stands ;—the waving Barley here  
 Its shaggy top displays ;—the twining Pea,  
 And hardy Bean, rude, black'ning in the Sun,  
 Whose fragrant blossoms late perfum'd the gale.  
 These ask the Reapers all-subduing hand ;  
 Some to the sickle gently yield, and some  
 Before the pow'rful scythe obedient fall.—

Nor shall the Muse disdain the humble vale,  
 Where, foremost of the vegetable train,  
 The fair Potatoe's num'rous offspring thrive ;  
 Prolific root ! thee too the Poor shall own  
 A steady friend, when wintry storms appear.

But see, where, winding down the fallow dale,

The Plowman turns the soil, and careful strews  
The seeds of future Harvest.—May kind Heav'n  
Prosper his toils!—So shall the fruitful Earth  
Yield her abundant increase ; and the joys  
Of universal Plenty bless our Land.



# H A R V E S T.

## A POEM.

---

### PART II.

---

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds.

WALTER SCOTT.

**W**AKE, lovely Morn, and o'er the dusky plain  
Thy fairest radiance shed.—Ye Zephyrs wake,  
And sweep with gentle breath the dewy lawns.  
Ye feathered warblers, tune your sweetest notes  
To welcome Nature's Jubilee!

'Tis come—

The day that whispers joy to ev'ry heart.  
The Village train appear, —and not a face

But wears the smile of gladness.—

Lightsome youth,

With limbs untir'd, and spirits ever gay,

Impatient rushes to the field.—Ev'n age,

Ere the bright Sun has gain'd the western skies,

Forgets his pains, and comes with hobbling step

To see the last sheaf bow,—and join the shout

Triumphant!—Not the sounds of Victory,

Bought with the blood of many a conquer'd foe,

And proudly swelling on the tide of Fame,

Are half so pleasing to a gen'rous mind

As the rude transports,—the unbounded joy,

That Harvest-Home inspires.—If gratitude

Is in the sight of Heav'n acceptable, —

If “to enjoy is to obey,” the Power

Who gives us all,—then will our God approve

These heartfelt, these sincere effusions.

Hark!

The hills, the groves, the echoing vales resound  
 The joyful uproar. Now, again it shakes  
 The list'ning woods : Again, and louder still,  
 Th' exulting shout proclaims the Harvest-Home !  
 While the glad Mistress, with unsparing hand,  
 The plenteous feast prepares.—

Come then, ye Swains ;  
 Ye smiling Maidens, come ;—all who have shar'd  
 The toils of Harvest ; freely now partake  
 The joys of Harvest-Home !

Nor you alone :

This night the Farmer's hospitable doors  
 Are open'd wide, to welcome ev'ry guest :  
 This night shall Pleasure reign beneath his roof,  
 And Mirth, that knows no bounds save Innocence.

His table, tho' it boasts no costly dish,  
 Is spread for all ; and the full sparkling bowl

Gives its inspiring warmth to ev'ry heart,  
And bids the soul of Cheerfulness awake.

The Song prevails.—Now swells the loyal theme,  
With loud applauses cheer'd.—The Lover now,  
With fond appropriate glance, prefers his strain  
Of tenderness.—And now the Huntsman's lay,  
With full-mouth'd chorus, bids the Mansion ring,  
While wild Discordance echoes round its walls.

Ye gen'rous Sons of Harmony, forbear  
To scorn these ruder tones; and O! accept  
The warm, the mutual concord of the heart,  
That animates these happy Villagers.

The sprightly viol sounds—who can resist  
Its magic powers?—The Farmer quits his seat,  
And leading forth some ancient Dame, begins



The lively dance.—By his example fir'd,  
 Each youth advances with his fav'rite fair,  
 And trips in sportive merriment around.  
 The light-wing'd moments swiftly speed along,  
 Nor do the joyous party think of rest,  
 Tho' night's fair queen, soft glimm'ring thro' the trees,  
 Has view'd their midnight revels with delight,  
 And tow'ring now above the lofty groves,  
 Throws her bright beams abroad, and smiling, waits  
 To guide them home.—Retire, ye gentle train;  
 May happiness attend you!—May the meed  
 Of Virtue and Industry still be yours;  
 And each succeeding year your joys renew.—  
 Retire in peace.—The heart that would contemn  
 Your guiltless pleasures, owns no gen'rous flame;  
 Nor feels the vast benevolence of thought,  
 That wishes ev'ry fellow-creature blest!  
 Sure, such a mind exists not.—All rejoice,

By the same glorious Cause inspir'd ; and all  
 Confess the boundless debt of gratitude  
 To bounteous Providence.

Thrice happy he

Who, blest with all the joys of competence,  
 Amid the pleasing scenes of rural life,  
 Contented dwells ; and seeks no higher bliss  
 Than to enjoy the innocent delights  
 Of those around him, or to sooth the sigh  
 Of Wretchedness, and wipe Affliction's tear.

Where Cleveland spreads her gently sloping vales,  
 Her waving woods, and ever murm'ring streams,  
 Young Edmund liv'd — a Swain of noble mien,  
 Heir to the Virtues, and the vast Estates  
 Of his exalted Parents.—His kind heart  
 O'erflow'd with ev'ry gen'rous sentiment;  
 The Rich esteem'd him, and the Poor ador'd.

And when indulgent Ceres crown'd the plains  
 With lavish Plenty, 'twas his joy to rove  
 Among the Reapers : to partake their mirth,  
 And cheer them by his presence ; for his brow  
 Wore not the frown of stern authority ;  
 Soft mildness ever mark'd his lov'd approach,  
 And grateful pleasure filled each heart ; for all  
 Had prov'd his lib'ral friendship. — All but one, —  
 A modest Stranger, yet but slightly known  
 To the admiring Villagers. — A Maid,  
 Drest in the humble garb of Poverty,  
 But as the op'ning blossom, fresh and fair,  
 Adorn'd with all th' enchanting loveliness  
 That Youth and Beauty boast. With downcast eyes  
 She strove to shun the keen enquiring gaze  
 Of Curiosity. Her words were few,  
 And oft a sigh escap'd her gentle breast.

All wish'd to know, but fear'd to ask the cause ;  
 Till Edmund saw, with wond'ring pity saw,  
 And kindly thus address'd her. " Say, sweet Maid,  
 " For those sad sighs some hidden grief betray,  
 " O! say, whence spring thy sorrows?—say, if aught  
 " That Edmund can devise will soften them ?  
 " Tell me thy name, and where thy Parents dwell !"

In accent mild she answer'd: ' By the side  
 ' Of yon tall Forest stands my Father's cot ;  
 ' A Soldier, poor, and friendless ; sinking fast  
 ' Beneath the weight of misery and age.—  
 ' Few are our earthly comforts, yet ev'n those  
 ' The cruel hand of Poverty denied,  
 ' And drove the humble Evelina forth,  
 ' To seek employment in these fertile fields.  
 ' Her boon was granted ; and she asks no more  
 ' Than to return her heart-felt gratitude.'

She ceas'd ; and, mixing with the Rustic train,  
 Pursu'd her labours, while the list'ning Youth  
 Beheld her with surprise ; his glowing breast  
 Felt more than pity for the blooming Fair.  
 Each rising dawn that call'd her to the field,  
 Brought Edmund too ; and often would he try,  
 With kind and tender words, to soothe her cares,  
 And win her confidence.—And now arriv'd  
 The eve of the auspicious day, that crowns  
 The toils of Harvest.—

“ My industrious Friends,”

The gentle Edmund cries, “ another day  
 “ Will end the labours of this fruitful year.  
 “ My Father, grateful to abundant Heav'n,  
 “ And your unwearied zeal, bids me express  
 “ His thanks to each of you ; and 'tis his wish,  
 “ That you may all assemble at his house  
 “ To-morrow eve ; to welcome Harvest Home!—

“ He bids me tell you, nothing shall be spar’d,  
 “ That may increase the pleasures of the Feast,  
 “ And make you truly happy.—As for thee,  
 “ Fair Evelina, let the gen’ral joy  
 “ Inspire thy bosom, and dispel those cares  
 “ That would destroy thy cheerfulness.”—

He said, ,

And seiz’d her trembling hand; she strove to smile  
 But the unbidden tear had forc’d its way,  
 And her full heart forbade her to reply.

Till now, young Edmund had not dar’d to seek  
 Her lowly dwelling, fearing to intrude  
 On the retreat of Misery :—but Love  
 O’er ev’ry cooler sentiment prevail’d;  
 And when mild Ev’ning threw her shades around,  
 He wander’d thro’ the glade, and reach’d the spot,  
 Where, mid embow’ring trees, the Cottage rose.

A little garden grac'd its humble front;  
 The fragrant woodbine climb'd its mossy walls,  
 And many a flowret from the forest cull'd,  
 Smil'd sweetly; while, herself the fairest flow'r,  
 The melancholy Evelina walk'd,  
 Unconscious of the presence of the Swain,  
 Who heard, enraptured, while she thus declar'd  
 What Edmund sigh'd to know.

“ O, Fate unkind!

“ Why did'st thou drive me from my Father's door?

“ For I could better bear the sharpest stings

“ Of Poverty, than those of hopeless love.

“ But, why should I, a poor devoted child

“ Of Wretchedness, O! why should I aspire

“ To love thee, noble Edmund!—let me quit

“ The fond presumption.—Yet another day,

“ And I will force thy image from my breast:

“ Another day, and then,—farewell for ever!”

“ No, Evelina!” said the joyous Youth,  
 “ Revoke that sentence ; for thy Edmund comes,  
 “ To throw himself and fortunes at thy feet.”  
 He paus’d—she answer’d not ; Confusion’s glow  
 Rush’d o’er her cheek ; and he proceeded thus :—  
 “ Led by the fondest hopes of anxious love  
 “ I sought thee, Evelina, to unfold  
 “ The tender wishes of a heart sincere,  
 “ And from thy lips I hear, (transporting sound!)—  
 “ That thou dost love me.”—

‘ Yes,’ the Maid reply’d,  
 ‘ By fancied solitude deceiv’d, I own  
 ‘ I spake the unguarded feelings of my breast ;  
 ‘ But, gen’rous Edmund!—O, forbear to scorn  
 ‘ A hapless girl!—forbear to raise a hope  
 ‘ That ends but in despair!—for Pity’s sake  
 ‘ O, leave me to indulge my fruitless sighs.’



“ Not for a thousand worlds,” the Youth exclaim’d.  
 “ If not the pow’rful argument of love  
 “ Can win thy soft consent ; yet think of him,  
 “ Whose lengthen’d sorrows and declining years  
 “ Demand the kind support thou canst not give.  
 “ I’ll meet thee early at yon sacred shrine,  
 “ Where Hymen shall unite us ; and, at eve,  
 “ Amid the unbounded joys of Harvest-Home,  
 “ Will my fond Parents hail thee for their Child,  
 “ And thy good Father own a duteous Son.”

She smil’d assent,—they breath’d a soft adieu ;  
 And Night and Silence hold their peaceful reign,  
 Till Morn again peeps o’er the eastern hill,  
 And Sol’s bright splendor gilds the humid vale  
 With dazzling tints of renovated life.

The little Songsters of the Grove unite  
 To welcome in the day of happiness,

And Edmund leads his Reapers o'er the plain;—  
 But, where is Evelina?—where is she  
 Whose due attendance ne'er before had fail'd?  
 A gen'ral murmur ran around,—yet none  
 Dar'd ask of him who could alone have told  
 Her cause of absence; for, tho' kind his looks,  
 They fancied, ev'n in him they could perceivè  
 Some secret thought mysterious,—some design  
 Yet unexplain'd!—At length arriv'd the hour  
 That call'd him from the field.

The wond'ring train

In half suspecting whispers spent the day.  
 Their task was finish'd; and glad shouts of joy,  
 Proclaim'd their triumphs!—but no Edmund came;  
 Nor in the lighted hall, where the gay throng  
 Had mingled, to enjoy the festive night,  
 Were Edmund and his Evelina seen.

Inquiry now prevail'd ; and scarce the news  
 Had reach'd his Parents ears,—scarce had surprise  
 Giv'n place to indignation in their breasts,  
 When at their feet the youthful couple kneel,  
 Imploring kind forgiveness ; nor in vain  
 Was the request prefer'd ;—at sight of her,  
 The lovely wife of their offending son,  
 Resentment fled ;—admiring pity quell'd  
 Their short liv'd anger, and the voice of peace  
 Had rais'd them from the ground, when thro' the crowd  
 A venerable Stranger pass'd, who thus  
 Address'd the wond'ring Father.—

“ I had hoped,  
 “ Within the shelter of my humble cot,  
 “ To linger out the few short years of life,  
 “ Blest with the one remaining comfort left,  
 “ A daughter's lov'd attention ;—but this day  
 “ Bereaves me of my last, my only hope,

“ My Evelina! All I now would say,  
 “ All I would ask is this; Do not despise  
 “ The treasure I have lost; think her not mean,  
 “ Tho’ sunk in poverty, for she was born  
 “ To better hopes, and in her early years  
 “ Enjoy’d the smiles of Fortune; till the storm  
 “ Of vengeful Fate, with ruthless blast, destroy’d  
 “ My brighter prospects. ’Mid the battle’s rage,  
 “ Two gallant sons I lost! A tender wife  
 “ Expir’d within these arms! Cover’d with scars,  
 “ But still, still deeper wounded in my heart,  
 “ I sought retirement; where the filial care  
 “ Of Evelina soften’d every pang,  
 “ And Eldred for her sake endur’d to live.”  
 “ Eldred!” exclaim’d the Sire, “ it cannot be!—  
 “ Yet I can trace the features of my friend.—  
 “ ’Tis he! the lov’d companion of my youth;  
 “ ’Tis he, who on the ensanguin’d plain, did twice

“ Preserve my life by hazarding his own.

“ Thus let me clasp thee to my grateful heart!—

“ Knowest thou not Albert?”

“ Albert!” he return’d.

“ Yes! to my bosom dear by the warm ties

“ Of cordial friendship:—I remember thee;

“ And blessed be the cause that brings me here,

“ Since I again behold thee.”

“ Noble friend!”

Exclaim’d the gen’rous Albert, “ henceforth dwell

“ Beneath this roof;—here, in our Children blest,

“ We’ll spend the winter of declining life,

“ In sweet tranquillity.”

Soft pleasure beam’d

In Evelina’s eyes, and transport fill’d

The soul of Edmund, while the Mother smil’d

In heartfelt rapture on the blissful scene!

The rustics gaz’d, delighted and surpris’d,

And this the language of each glowing breast :

“ Live, happy pair !—may lengthen'd years bestow

“ Increasing joys, and may' you ever reap

“ The rich reward of Virtue.”

These the sweets

Of soft retirement are ; the comforts these  
Of rural quiet ;—Charity may here  
Extend her influence ; here Religion speaks  
Her purest doctrines to th' inquiring mind.  
Love, Peace, and Innocence delight to dwell  
With thee, blest Solitude !—thy calm retreats,  
Thy pleasing beauties, were the choice of Her,  
Illustrious Charlotte ! England's darling pride !  
Who, from the dazz'ling splendor of a court,  
To silent groves and vernal meads retir'd ;  
And there, diffusing happiness around,  
With the lov'd partner of her soul, enjoy'd  
The highest bliss this transient world could give.

If Nature's wond'rous charms ; if the rich stores  
 Of plenteous Harvest, so profusely giv'n,  
 Inspire with gratitude the feeling breast,  
 How does the thought expand, when, far and wide,  
 We trace the bounteous hand of Providence,  
 Dispensing good to all !

Nor thou alone,  
 Fair Albion ! tho' thy fertile plains first wak'd  
 The humble Muse, nor thou alone canst boast  
 The gift unlimited : From distant lands,  
 Rejoicing Fame the glorious tidings bears ;  
 On every shore abundant Harvest smiles.

Children of Want !—for you the treasure comes.  
 From Heav'n itself Benevolence receives,  
 And deals the blessing round.

May cheerfulness,  
 May Virtue and industrious worth, deserve

The golden Prize; and may the grateful Hymn  
Of joy and praise ascend from every heart,  
To HIM whose boundless mercy gives us all;—  
The God of Harvest! and the God of Peace!



# IMPROMPTU,

ON THE DEATH OF OUR BELOVED AND LAMENTED  
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

— Proof of Death's ambition,  
To cull his Victims from the fairest fold  
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of Life.

YOUNG,

SLOW tolls the midnight bell! Ye frightful dreams,  
Ye shades terrific, ye forebodings dire,  
What mean ye?—What, at such a time as this,  
When pleasure seems alive in ev'ry breast,  
And hope inspires us,—what can damp our joys?

Relentless monster, Death! what hast thou done!  
For thou hast borne away the richest prize  
The Universe could boast.—Our Princess falls!  
Ah! was it not enough that thy rude hand

Depriv'd expectant Europe of her fond,  
 Her earliest care ; and from Affection's arms  
 The Cherub Infant tore. But while we mourn  
 The unwelcome check to our first sanguine wish,  
 The Mother too is gone !—Distressing hour !  
 She dies ! and all our cherish'd hopes expire.  
 She dies ! and with her ev'ry matchless grace .  
 That would have added splendor to a throne.  
 Unequall'd goodness,—beauty,—innocence,  
 In her are lost ! The soft benevolence,  
 The gen'rous sympathy that would have link'd  
 Her People's joys and sorrows with her own.

O, Fate inexorable ! Worst of woes !  
 Deeper than tongue can speak, or thought imagine.  
 Could not the fondest bands affection weaves,  
 The tend'rest ties of Nature and of Love ;  
 Could not a Nation's prayers avert the stroke ?

Ah, no ! Parental feeling, arm thyself  
 With fortitude, for thou hast much to bear ;  
 And ye kind Relatives, may pitying Heav'n  
 Speak consolation to your souls.

But thou—

The dear,—the chosen Husband of her heart,  
 Unhappy mourner ! Not the sweetest sounds  
 Of soft condolence, tho' a Seraph's voice  
 Should breathe the soothing strain, can aught avail  
 To calm the anguish of thy tortur'd breast.  
 Yet O ! thou awful,—thou mysterious God !  
 If there is comfort for distress like this,  
 Infuse the healing balm into his soul ;  
 Teach him,—teach all to say, “ Thy will be done,”



# THE HARP OF SORROW.

## AN ODE.

The joy of the Harp ceaseth.

ISAIAH, xxiv. 8.

**F**AR o'er Britannia's plains

Be the deep gloom of anguish spread ;

To distant lands the tale of woe impart ;

The joy, the pride of ev'ry heart,

The peerless Charlotte, sinks among the dead !

What form is this, in sable vest,

With clouded mien and drooping crest ?

'Tis Britain's Genius,—sad,—oppress'd,—

With wreaths of Cypress crown'd.

See her from the skies descend,

Dark Despair and Grief attend,

Weeping Pity hovers near,  
While mournful Music strikes the ear,  
With slow, and solemn sound.

She speaks,—“ Our fondest hopes are o’er ;  
“ The voice of Joy can please no more ;  
“ Yielding her breath  
“ To the fell grasp of Death,  
“ Our dear, our much-lov’d Charlotte, we deplore.”  
Hark! the knell, with awful sound,  
Bids Sorrow’s swelling tide abound,  
And bears the fatal news around,  
From shore to shore.

But Britain feels the stroke severe,  
And mourns her early doom ;  
From us the sympathizing tear  
Shall bathe her sacred tomb ;

For Virtue, Truth, and Sense refin'd,  
 Transcendent Fair! were thine,  
 All that could grace a female mind,  
 And Beauty half divine.  
 Thy gentle charms by all admir'd,  
 Thy worth, that ev'ry heart inspir'd,  
 While mem'ry bears a name, to Britons shall be dear.

Ye Beings of celestial birth!  
 Ye sacred Pow'rs!—enthron'd in air,  
 Who make the sons of men your care!  
 At Britain's call—descend to Earth,  
 Our matchless griefs to share.  
 Spirits of the foaming deep,  
 Lend, O lend your pitying aid;  
 Ye whose task it is to weep,  
 When the furious tempests sweep  
 Their hapless victims to eternal sleep.

Ye who chant the song of rest,  
 Or to the regions of the blest  
 On airy pinions waft the fleeting shade,  
     Oh! hither turn,                      [mourn.  
 Shed your sad influence round, and teach us how to

Guardians of Claremont's sacred Bow'r!  
 Ye Pow'rs, who sooth'd her in the dreadful hour,  
 Who bade her fainting spirit rise  
 Triumphant to its native skies,  
     In pity—come                      [tomb.  
 And pour the strains of woe o'er Royal Charlotte's

Weeping,—widow'd Love!  
 Thine our purest sighs shall be,  
 Our willing tears shall flow for thee:  
 For she was thine,—by every charm  
 Of blest affection, friendship warm,  
     And cordial fondness dear.



Then come,— for British hearts thy sorrows bear,  
 Weeping,—widow'd Love !  
 Accept the mutual sigh, the tear of Sympathy.

Thus speaks the Genius of our Land.—  
 Obedient to her dread command  
 Behold the mournful throng!  
 See, drown'd in tears,  
 Sad Queen of Griefs! Melpomene appears;  
 Deep Melancholy marks her way;  
 Disappointment, Pain, and Care,  
 Votaries of pale Despair,  
 All sorrowing pass along.  
 From silent dells,  
 From lonely cells,  
 From curling floods,  
 From hills and woods,  
 Each light-wing'd Spirit flies,

Some the drooping willow bear,

Some the yew and cypress wear,

Emblems of her fatal doom.

Some a fairer tribute bring,

Rosy wreaths,—the pride of Spring,

To grace her early tomb.

And as they fill the air with sighs,

And pitying Echo faint replies, [bloom.

The hallow'd Urn they deck with flow'rs that ever

But, why this sudden silence round?

Why, lowly bending to the ground,

Do Britain's Heroes fall,

As by some strange enchantment bound :

Say why? [grief,

Behold the cause!—He comes, whose boundless

Whose speechless agony, forbids relief;

The widow'd Mourner comes!—O, let us bear  
His soul's distress, his keenest anguish share.

While fond rememb'rance would display

All the beauties of the mind,

Truth and Innocence combin'd;

All Affection could impart,

To warm each young and faithful heart

By Love's soft bands united.

All the joys the world could boast,

For ever—ever lost;—

In one dread moment blighted!

Unhappy Prince! with thee we mourn the day

That tore so fair a flow'r from thee—from us away.

Now around the sacred tomb,

While their mutual sorrows blend,

To cheer awhile the deep'ning gloom,

Spirit of Harmony!—descend.

Hush!—the soothing sounds prevail,  
 Soft they sweep the passing gale ;  
 (A touch divine, to favour'd Mortals giv'n)  
 In gentle murmurs now it dies away,  
 And thus they swell the mournful lay,  
 While list'ning Seraphs waft the strain to Heav'n.

“ Adieu! sweet Saint!—the silent tear,  
 “ The secret sigh, shall spring for thee;  
 “ For Britain holds thy mem'ry dear,  
 “ And mourns thy cruel destiny.—

“ Sweet Saint!—Adieu!”

“ Adieu! for high among the blest  
 “ Thy rising charms shall brighter glow;  
 “ Angels shall hymn thy soul to rest,  
 “ While mortals breathe the strain of woe.—

“ Sweet Saint!—Adieu!

“ Adieu!—and while thy native skies  
 “ Shall blossom with eternal spring,  
 “ Thy never-fading worth we’ll prize,  
 “ And love thy virtues while we sing—  
     “ Sweet Saint!—Adieu!”

Thus the sadly tuneful throng,  
     With soft and pleasing moan,  
 Sweetly pour the plaintive song,  
     And weep their treasure gone.  
 And while their vows the sorrowing train unite,  
 Say, will not Heav’n approve each hallow’d rite?  
     Will not their mingled pray’rs arise,  
     A sacred offering to the skies?  
 Yes,—they shall reach th’ eternal throne,  
 And draw the gentle pow’r of Consolation down.

Again—the soft celestial lays—

And lo ! a lovely form appears,  
Compassion's tender smile she wears,  
Religion is her name ;

“ Weep not,” she cries, “ for in the realms above,

“ Mid scenes of boundless joy and love,

“ Your happy Charlotte shall for ever reign ;

“ To thee, sad Leopold !—I come ;

“ In thee her virtues still shall bloom,

“ Thy gentle bosom owns a kindred flame,

“ And tho' she quits this painful Earth,

“ With thee, with all her bright example, stays,

“ While rising Ages prize, and emulate her worth.”

## JEPHTHA.

WHEN Israel's valiant Chief arose  
To quell his proud, rebellious foes,  
What noble resolution fir'd,  
What holy zeal his heart inspir'd !  
While, waiting for his dread command,  
His faithful Warriors round him stand.  
But first, to God, for help he cries,  
And lifts to Heav'n his ardent eyes ;  
“ O ! Lord of Hosts ! ” thus Jephtha prays,  
“ To thee, my humble voice I raise ;  
“ Vouchsafe to be our guiding star,  
“ And lead thy chosen troops to war ;  
“ And when, thro' thine all-pow'rful aid,  
“ This arm in dust thy foes hath laid ;

“ When the fierce battle’s rage shall cease,

“ And I return again in peace ;

“ Whatever first attracts mine eyes,

“ To thee, my God, I’ll sacrifice !”

He rose with pious confidence

In great Jehovah,—his defence !

He gives the word,—“ Yourselves prepare,

“ Soldiers of Israel !—march to war.”

At once they lift the shining spear ;

At once the streaming banners rear ;

From Mizpeh’s vale, then onward pass,

Till Ammon’s haughty sons they face ;

And, in the strength of God most High,

Compel the vanquish’d foe to fly.

With dreadful slaughter they pursue,

And all their enemies subdue,

From proud Aroer’s wide domain,

As far as Minnith’s fruitful plain.



Now from the field the Warriors turn,  
And leave the conquer'd foe to mourn :—  
While Jephtha's lovely daughter hears  
The joyful news ; forgets her fears ;—  
And, follow'd by a num'rous throng  
Of Israel's damsels, fair and young ;  
With melting music, soft and sweet,  
Advanc'd, her Victor Sire to meet.  
The lightsome dance their joys proclaim ;  
And timbrels sound the Hero's fame.  
They meet !—but oh ! what horror chills  
The Father's soul !—his bosom thrills  
With deep-felt grief :—his only child,  
Who all his cares and pains beguil'd ;  
His child—her guiltless head must bow,  
To save his rash,—his dreadful vow.  
While anguish fill'd his tortur'd breast,  
He, trembling, thus the maid address'd :

“ Alas! my Child, thy mirth forego,  
 “ For thou hast brought me very low;  
 “ For O!—a solemn vow I made,  
 “ Which must be kept.”—No more he said;  
 His tongue, with death-like sorrow tied,  
 All further pow’r of speech denied.  
 What strength of mind, what fortitude,  
 While thus she spake, the damsel shew’d:

“ My Father, if thy word is past,  
 “ If thus my fatal lot is cast,  
 “ Know,—that to shrink, or fly from pain,  
 “ The child of Jephtha can disdain;—  
 “ ’Tis mine submissively to bow;  
 “ Thine, to perform thy sacred vow.  
 “ And may that Pow’r exalted be,  
 “ The glorious God of Victory!

“ Whose mighty arm o’erthrew thy foe,  
 “ And laid thy proud opposer low ;  
 “ Then calm, my Sire, thy aching breast,  
 “ And grant me this, my last request ;  
 “ For two short months my life to spare,  
 “ That, with my friends, I may repair  
 “ To yonder mountain’s tow’ring height,  
 “ Where oft I’ve wander’d with delight ;  
 “ There to bewail my hapless fate,  
 “ And fit me for my awful state.”

Deep sunk in grief,—in accents low,  
 The afflicted Father bids her—“ Go !”  
 The youthful train, erewhile so gay,  
 In silent sorrow bend their way ;  
 The mountain’s rugged steep ascend ;  
 In ceaseless pray’r the moments spend.  
 At length, two dreary months expir’d,  
 The Maid, with strength divine inspir’d,

Submissive to the will of God ;  
Returning, seeks her Sire's abode.  
But ah ! what words can paint the scene ? —  
His agonizing pangs how keen !—  
'Tis done !—she falls a sacrifice.—  
'Tis done !—the guiltless victim dies !—  
A band of Seraphs hover nigh,  
To waft her spirit to the sky ;  
While sunk on Earth, in deepest woe,  
Her sad companions weep below.  
Four days, in each successive year,  
A lovely virgin train appear ;  
High on the mountain's top they meet,  
And still the mournful tale repeat,  
How Jephtha's daughter fell—in beauty's bloom !—  
And cull the fairest flow'rs to deck her early tomb.

THE  
DISTRESSED VILLAGERS,  
A POEM.

*Occasioned by the Loss of Twenty-Nine Fishermen, belonging  
to Runswick and Staithe, Yorkshire,  
in a Storm at Sea.*

We are Orphans and fatherless, our Mothers are Widows.

LAM. v. 3.

OFT has the Tragic Muse, in fiction drest,  
Drawn sighs of pity from the feeling breast,  
Oft caus'd Compassion's ready tears to flow,  
While she relates some tale of fancied woe ;  
But here, in Truth's most sacred vest array'd,  
A scene of deepest mis'ry is portray'd.  
Ah ! ye unthinking croud, who gaily tread  
In Folly's giddy path, nor ever shed

One pitying tear for sorrows not your own,  
 A moment pause ! your vain pursuits disown ;  
 To yon abodes of grief retire with me,  
 And if a spark of sensibility  
 Dwells in your breast, indulge the sacred fire,  
 And let Benevolence your souls inspire.

See, on her couch, a hapless widow lies,  
 The tears fast streaming from her sleepless eyes ;  
 High swells her heart, while her sad thoughts recal  
 Her husband, her protector, and her all,  
 For ever lost : Ah ! whither shall she find  
 A soothing balm to ease her woe-fraught mind ?  
 Where cling for aid ? Alas ! for evermore,  
 She must, she will, the fatal loss deplore.  
 One daughter see, whose grief afflicted breast  
 Throbs with severer anguish than the rest.  
 Alike their hapless father's fate they mourn ;  
 But ah ! from her the insatiate waves have torn

The partner of her soul, a gentle youth,  
 Whose heart o'erflow'd with honour, love, and truth;  
 Scarce had five moons in mutual kindness flown,  
 Since wedlock's sacred bands had made them one.  
 Indulgent Heav'n, some gleam of comfort send,  
 To soothe the sighs that their sad bosoms rend.

Behold yon aged pair, whose lengthen'd years  
 Demand the willing tribute of our tears :  
 Full seventy winters, on life's busy stage,  
 Had stamp'd their foreheads with the mark of age ;  
 They hoped the happy eve of life to spend  
 In quiet ease, and reach their journey's end  
 In peace : but, no ! 'tis Fate's severe decree,  
 They, ere they leave this vale of grief, must see  
 Three goodly sons, their chief support and pride,  
 His boat, and all the Father own'd beside,

Upon the foaming surge in fury tost,  
 And all beneath the yawning billows lost.  
 Yet they the struggling anguish have suppress,  
 And arm'd with patience the afflicted breast,  
 In hopes that Death will soon with friendly hand,  
 Remove them hence, to that delightful land,  
 To join their friends, upon the peaceful shore,  
 Where tempests cease, and sorrows pierce no more.

But ah! what sounds of mis'ry strike our ears!  
 Again a widow'd mother drown'd in tears;  
 The lisping babes, too young to feel their loss,  
 See her distress, and wond'ring at the cause,  
 With fond endearments, strive (in vain) to please,  
 Then mix their tears with hers, and clasp her trem-  
[bling knees.

The Muse sinks faint beneath the dreadful theme,  
 Nor has she told one half the fatal scene;



Alas ! where'er her aching eyes can turn,  
 Friends, sisters, orphans weep, and widows mourn.  
 Say, shall they sink a prey to sad despair ?  
 Forbid it Heaven ! and to thy tender care,  
 Father of Mercies, take them ; thou hast sworn,  
 The helpless to protect, and comfort those that  
 [mourn.

Yes, for the wretched, God will sure provide ;  
 In him the hapless mourners may confide :  
 But sevenfold blessings will the man attend,  
 Who joins with liberal hand the helpless to befriend.  
 Blest is the source from whence compassion flows,  
 Blest is the sympathetic heart that glows  
 With tender pity for another's grief,  
 And gives in Sorrow's hour a kind relief.

Ah ! ye, whose greatest bliss is to impart  
 The balm of comfort to the wounded heart ;

Ye, in whose breasts the gentlest passions reign,  
Where weeping mis'ry never pleads in vain;  
Behold, on you the grateful blessings pour,  
Of those you help'd in sad misfortune's hour!  
Ah! yet, where'er your influence extends,  
May ye be found th' afflicted suff'rers friends;  
While persevering in the blest employ,  
You cause the Widow's heart to sing for joy.  
An inward pleasure fills th' approving mind,  
And in God's sacred promises we find,  
To gen'rous deeds like these, is ever giv'n  
A recompence on earth, a sure reward in heav'n.

## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



### LINES ON LEAVING HINDERWELL;

INSCRIBED TO MISS HARRISON.

**T**HO' driv'n by sorrow from thy blest abodes,  
 To seek contentment on my native plains,  
 Still, still, dear Hilda! to thy sacred name  
 The grateful Muse would raise the feeble song;  
 Tho' pleasure smiles, and fond affection's balm  
 Softens my griefs, and soothes my ev'ry care,  
 Still dwells my fancy on the blissful scenes,  
 Where love and peace my infant breast inspir'd,  
 And hope's gay dreams led on the happy hours.

Adieu!—ye pleasing rural shades, adieu!

Ye echoing woods, ye hills, ye fields, and groves,

Ye lofty tow'ring rocks, ye awful caves,

The lonely haunts of solitude—adieu!—

Ye fruitful bow'rs, with glowing sweets profuse,

Where oft with care I've nurs'd the tender plants,

Have mark'd their growth, and seen the lovely flow'rs

Unfold their beauties to the rising day:

Adieu!—And may some friendly hand embrace

The pleasing task; each feeble stem support,

And guard them from the winter's freezing breath.

Perchance kind Fortune, on some future day,

May lead me to fair Hilda's vales again;

O! then, with what delight shall I behold

The scenes that charm'd my soul in earlier days;

The dear familiar landscape smiling round,

My fav'rite flow'rets blooming still the same,

And gay, and happy, all my village friends.

But chiefly thee, who best deserv'st the name,  
My first, my dearest friend ! whose gentle heart  
Shar'd all my joys, and, (how unlike the world !)  
Was kind and faithful in affliction too :  
I would express my thanks, but words are weak ;  
Take then, dear Anna ! all the Muse can give,  
The fervent offering of a grateful heart.

## THE REDBREAST.

COLD blew the freezing Northern blast,  
And Winter sternly frown'd;  
The flaky snow fell thick and fast,  
And clad the fields around.

Forc'd by the storm's relentless pow'r,  
Embolden'd by despair,  
A shiv'ring Redbreast sought my door,  
Some friendly warmth to share.

“ Welcome, sweet Bird !” I fondly cried,  
“ No danger need'st thou fear,  
“ Secure with me thou may'st abide,  
“ Till warmer suns appear.

“ And when mild Spring comes smiling on,

“ And bids the fields look gay,

“ Thou, with thy sweet, thy grateful song,

“ My kindness shalt repay.”

Mistaken thought! — But, how shall I

The mournful truth display ?

An envious Cat, with jealous eye,

Had mark'd him as her prey.

Remorseless wretch! — her cruel jaws

Soon seal'd her victim's doom,

While I in silence mourn his loss,

And weep o'er Robin's tomb.

So, oft in Life's uneven way,

Some stroke may intervene ;

Sweep all our fancied joys away,

And change the flatt'ring scene.

## THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

AH! lovely Primrose, tell me why  
Thou thus dares tempt yon frowning sky

With thy untimely bloom ?

And why so willingly unfold

Thy bosom to the bitter cold,

Which threatens thy instant doom?

Was it some warm and kindly beam ?

Or didst thou, flow'ret, fondly dream

That fragrant breath of thine

Would cause the furious winds to rest,

Or the rude tempest's angry breast

To pity would incline ?



Alas! sweet flow'r, thy day is past;—  
Hark! from the North yon howling blast  
    Heeds not thy tender smile;  
The driving show'r, the cruel storm,  
Will soon thy lovely charms deform,  
    And thy soft foliage spoil.

So my sad soul once hoped to find  
The world to gentle peace inclin'd,  
    Till Fate's dire storm arose,  
O'erthrew my joys, my pleasures quell'd,  
With anxious cares this bosom fill'd,  
    And check'd its calm repose.

## D E S P A I R.

W<sup>H</sup>Y comes not Death, thrice welcome friend  
To close these grief-worn eyes ?  
Death only can my sorrows end,  
And give what Life denies.

On me fair Nature smiles in vain,  
In vain the flow'rets bloom ;  
The only cordial for my pain  
Is now the silent tomb.

No griefs can there invade my peace,  
No sorrows pierce my breast,  
“ The wicked there from troubling cease,  
“ And there the weary rest.”

## H O P E.

TO ELIZA, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF  
TWELVE YEARS.

SAY what kind charm could yield a soft relief,  
When sorrows keen thy aching heart opprest?  
What sooth'd thy cares, when worn with cank'ring  
[grief,  
And calm'd the anguish of thy troubled breast?

'Twas smiling Hope, whose soul-enliv'ning pow'r,  
The balm of consolation oft supplied ;  
'Twas Hope, in sad Affliction's trying hour,  
Gave thee that peace the faithless world denied.

Has she not oft, thy dreary path t'illumine,  
 Beam'd on thy mind with kindly cheering ray;  
 And thro' misfortune's deep and horrid gloom,  
 Foretold (tho' distant far) a brighter day?

Yes, dear Eliza! it was thine to bear  
 For thrice ten years a sinking load of woe;  
 Ah! may the Fates a fairer aspect wear,  
 And give thy gentle soul soft peace to know.

May fav'ring Heav'n soon bring the happy day  
 That shall restore thy Charlotte back to thee!  
 Shall drive intruding Sorrow far away,  
 And crown our Hope with sweet reality.

## ELIZA'S BIRTH-DAY.

AS late on Parnassus' fam'd mount

The Muses and Graces reclin'd

By the side of a clear silver fount,

Apollo their company join'd.

“ And, wherefore thus dull, my sweet maids?”

The God with astonishment cries,

“ While Music resounds thro' the shades,

“ And Echo delighted replies.

“ How can you forget 'tis the morn

“ That gave us a Vot'ry so dear!

“ This day your Eliza was born,

“ Then why so regardless appear?

“ Her strains all the Loves could inspire,  
    “ And tho’ sorrow those strains might retard,  
“ Might unstring for a while the soft lyre,  
    “ Shall Ingratitude be her reward?”

He spoke, and they blush’d with surprize,  
    Then up, swift as light’ning, they sprung;  
Her fame they extoll’d to the skies,  
    And thus to their harps sweetly sung:

“ All hail to the blest natal day  
    “ When a Sister of Science was born;  
“ May her moments pass smoothly away,  
    “ And each year see a happy return.”

## SYMPATHY'S TEAR.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. W. GROSSE.

'TIS pleasant at eve thro' the woodlands to stray,  
 To view the clear stream as it murmurs along ;  
 And sweet is the blooming profusion of May,  
 The zephyr's soft breath, and the nightingale's  
 But none to the soul are so tenderly dear [song ;  
 As the smile of Affection, or Sympathy's tear.

As the seasons roll on, and their treasures extend,  
 The beauties of Nature enliven the heart ;  
 But when shar'd with a Parent, a Sister, or Friend,  
 How tenfold a rapture those pleasures impart !  
 And in Sorrow's sad moments how tenderly dear  
 Is the smile of Affection, or Sympathy's tear.

## THE RAINBOW.

SOFT falls the show'r, the thunders cease !

And see, the messenger of peace

    Illumes the eastern skies ;

Blest sign of firm unchanging love !

While others seek the cause to prove,

    That bids thy beauties rise,

My soul, content with humbler views,

Well pleas'd admires thy varied hues,

    And can with joy behold

Thy beauteous form, and wond'ring gaze

Enraptur'd on thy mingled rays

    Of purple, green, and gold.



Enough for me to deem divine  
The hand that paints each glowing line ;  
    To think that thou art giv'n  
A transient gleam of that bright place  
Where Beauty owns celestial grace,  
    A faint display of Heav'n !

ON HEARING A FRIEND PLAY ON  
THE PSALTERY.

**O**! let me hear that sound again,  
For sure 'twas some immortal strain,  
Some angel pure on gracious errand bent,  
    To soothe the children of despair,  
    To ease the weight of human care,  
    That with celestial harmony  
    Proclaims the blest intent.  
Now with loud exulting tone,  
Now with softly breathing moan,  
    Now sweetly clear,  
    It vibrates on the ear,  
And charms the list'ning soul to extacy.  
But — 'twas a mortal hand  
That touch'd the trembling strings!

Play on, blest Minstrel! let me hear again

That soul dissolving strain;

Play on, and I'll for ever stand

And fancy still that some ethereal band

Its kind assistance brings,

And gently leads the dulcet notes along,

For worth like thine demands an Angel's song.

## THE ORPHAN.

SET TO MUSIC BY ELIZ. ANN RICHARDSON.

THE infant dawn of youth had fled,  
 And peace and joy no longer shed  
     Their cheering beams on me ;  
 No ray of hope, no gen'rous friend,  
 Compassion's soothing balm to lend,  
 Or from the storms of life defend

A Child of Misery.

I wander'd far, with sorrow chill'd ;  
 While swelling woes my bosom fill'd,  
 I sought what Heav'n alone can yield,  
     I sought Humanity.

An Orphan's voice could ne'er prevail,  
The world but mock'd the plaintive tale  
Of hapless Misery.

My suit was vain, my pray'rs were spurn'd,  
And oft my luckless fate I mourn'd,  
Till some blest Guardian Spirit turn'd  
Soft Pity's soul to me.

When soon my keenest woes were heal'd,  
While Gratitude my bosom fill'd,  
I found what Heav'n alone can yield,  
I found Humanity.

## TO - MORROW.

SOFT Peace our happy land had blest,  
And Britain's gallant Sons returning,  
Each clasp'd some fav'rite to his breast,  
And fondly hush'd the voice of mourning.  
When lovely Anna, hapless maid!  
Thus pour'd the melting strain of sorrow,  
" My Edward, may thy gentle shade  
" Direct my wand'ring steps to-morrow."

The morn that calls a world to joy,  
With grateful sounds of triumph swelling,  
Shall see the wretched Anna fly  
Far distant from her peaceful dwelling.

I'll seek the turf that Edward prest,  
 There sigh my last adieu to sorrow,  
 And pillow'd on his clay-cold breast,  
 We'll wake in happier scenes to-morrow.



TO THE

MEMORY OF A PIOUS CLERGYMAN.

SHALL Pity not touch the soft lute,  
 To mourn for a Christian sincere ?  
 Shall the voice of the Minstrel be mute ?  
 Or the Muses refuse him a tear ?

Ah! no ;—for the virtuous Dead,  
 Tho' our tears and our sorrows are vain,  
 We'll sing of the blessing that's fled,  
 And his worth shall inspire the strain.

Alas ! while the Spirit has flown,  
    To receive its celestial reward,  
The Guardian, — the Shepherd is gone,  
    And his Flock are all scatter'd abroad.

Yon Elm threw its branches around,  
    To shelter the herbage beneath ;  
But its beauties now fall to the ground,  
    And its foliage bestrews the rude heath.

The morning all smiling appears,  
    The fields wear their loveliest bloom ;  
But the evening approaches in tears,  
    And diffuses a heart-chilling gloom.

Fair Spring may delight us once more,  
    And the sweet rising morn may return ;  
But no changes will ever restore  
    The Friend, whose departure we mourn !



While the tribute of sorrow we pay,

While the tears of remembrance still flow,

A soft soothing voice seems to say,

Ye Mortals, your anguish forego !

What tho' the kind Pastor is lost,

His Children his blessings may share ;

His virtue may yet be your boast,

His precepts may yet be your care.

Devoted,—unshaken,—sincere,

Religion had mark'd him her own ;

And thro' his unwearied career,

The Christian all gloriously shone.

Like Him, whose example he gave,

Compassion his soul would inspire ;

The wretched to succour and save,

Was ever his warmest desire.

Ye Aged, his goodness express,

For he was your solace and pride ;

Ye Children, his memory bless,

For he was your Father and Guide.

Ye rich Ones, his footsteps pursue,

They lead to the Mansions of rest ;

Ye Poor, he was dear unto you,

For Charity glow'd in his breast.

Ye Leaders, who hold the high trust

Your Brother so faithfully bore,

Be diligent, pious, and just,

Like him whose exertions are o'er.

And ye, to his Fold who belong,

Who have often so anxiously sought

The instruction that flow'd from his tongue,

Go, practice the lessons he taught.

And while you his worth shall admire,  
 And while for his absence you sigh,  
 Let his virtues your bosoms inspire ;  
 Like him, learn to live, and—to die.

---

## THE ADIEU.

TO ANNA.

ADIEU ! adieu, for ever !  
 Ye blooming plains where oft I've rov'd ;  
 With heartfelt grief I sever  
 From all I once so dearly lov'd.

Ye vernal beauties glowing,  
 Which oft my raptur'd soul inspir'd ;  
 Thou streamlet ever flowing  
 Thro' scenes that once my bosom fir'd.

Ye long-lost happy hours,  
When all the joys of life I knew;  
Ye woods, ye hills, and bowers,  
Receive a long, a last adieu!

Ye social ties endearing,  
Ye rustic friends, sincere and kind,  
With grief my bosom tearing,  
Alas! I leave you far behind.

And thou, of friends the dearest,  
Companion of my happier day,  
Tho' fortune the severest,  
Compels me from thine arms to stray:

Yet, trust me, I am leaving  
My Anna dear, behind with thee  
A heart that, while I'm breathing,  
Will glow with true Sincerity.

## IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN AT SEA ON SEEING MY NATIVE LAND.

WELCOME, thou dear enchanting sight!

Welcome, my native shore!

My bosom throbs with fond delight,

With bliss unfelt before.

Blest be the soft propitious gale

That wafts us nearer home,

That fills the gently swelling sail,

And whispers joy to come.

Yes, soon unto this aching heart

I'll clasp the friends I love,

To them my ev'ry care impart,

And lasting pleasures prove.

## THE SMILE ;

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. W. GROSSE.

**T**HE Lads of the Village long sigh'd at my feet,  
 And strove my fond heart to beguile ;  
 But I vow'd all their arts I'd for ever defeat,  
 And bade them begone with a Smile.

But alas ! t'other eve, as I tript o'er the plain,  
 Sweet Philomel warbling the while,  
 I met with a lovely, engaging young swain,  
 Who advanc'd with a bow and a Smile.

That Smile won my heart, which I fear I betray'd  
 When bidding good-night at the stile ;  
 The blush on my cheek he perceiv'd, I'm afraid,  
 For he turn'd his head round with a Smile.

Since then a soft pain in my bosom I feel,  
And often my cares to beguile,  
As thro' the sweet valley I silently steal,  
He meets me again with a Smile.

By the side of yon meadow I wander'd to-day,  
The Youth was attending the while ;  
He cull'd from the flow'ry-drest bosom of May  
A nosegay, and then with a Smile

Presenting it, sigh'd, and " Good-morning," he said,  
As he handed me over the stile ;—  
I'm sure if he ever should ask me to wed,  
I shall whisper consent, with a Smile.

## S T A N Z A S,

ON READING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE  
 REGENT'S SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF  
 PARLIAMENT IN 1818.

**W**HEN happy Salem own'd the sway  
 Of David's Royal Son,  
 Unerring Justice blest the land,  
 And Wisdom fill'd the Throne.

The pious King, with fervent zeal,  
 His Sire's commands rever'd,  
 And to the glorious God of Heav'n  
 A sacred Temple rear'd.

With all the pow'rs of Art adorn'd,  
 The noble structure stood;  
 And ev'n the Founder with surprise  
 Its matchless grandeur view'd.



And will the God, whose boundless pow'r

The Heav'ns can ne'er contain ;

Will he, th' exulting Monarch cried,

In wond'rous mercy deign

To yield his awful presence here,

And bless his servant's pray'r?

He will,—and Israel shall rejoice

In his protecting care.

Devotion's rising fervor spread

In ev'ry glowing breast,

And long succeeding years of peace

The favour'd Nation blest.

O, Thou! the same indulgent Pow'r!

Thy Mercies we implore ;

While Royal George, by Thee inspir'd,

On fair Britannia's shore

Shall bid her humbler Temples rise,

Devoted to thy Name,

May ev'ry grateful bosom own

Religion's purest flame.

May Truth and Virtue shed around

Their all-propitious smile,

And everlasting Peace descend

On Albion's happy Isle.

## MAGGIE's COMPLAINT.

MY gude friend, after meikle strivin',

To quell my luvesick pains contrivin',

An' frettin' sair,

Mysel' o' food, an' rest deprivin',

What could I mair?

The Muse at length for pardon kneelin',

Is here a disma' tale revealin',

Gin ye'll peruse't.

An' trustin' to your gen'rous feelin',

Hopes ye'll excuse't.

Aft owre yon fields, sae green, an' hilly,

Or aft'ner in the lanely valley,

An' silent shade

By a' the Parish ca'd half silly,

I've sigh'd an' stray'd.

The meads around, wi' beauty 'glowin',

The wee birds' sang, the turtles cooin'

I' mournfu' strains,

The brook i' gentle murmurs flowin',

Increase my pains.

For Maggie's heart is leal an' tender,

An' gin ye will nae pity lend her,

She'll quickly gang

Where yonder frightfu' craggies bend o'er,

An' tak a spang.

Then will her Ghaist, whene'er ye're roamin',

At dusky e'en, or early gloamin',

Wi' grinnin' spite

Attend your steps, an' send ye home in

A wae fu' plight.

## L I N E S,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE  
MUSE'S FRIENDS.

**W**I' care opprest an' half despairin',  
The friendless Muse had tried fu' lang  
To lift her languid head, nor darin'  
To raise the soul-devoted sang.

For Fate wi' mony a changefu' turning  
Had gar'd each happier moment flee,  
And fix'd her, ay, the child o' mourning  
To sink i' ruefu' misery.

Nae gentle hand, her waes beguillin',  
Appear'd the disma' gloom to cheer,  
For a' her Friends, tho' ance sae smilin',  
Now met her wi' a frown severe.

An' lang she lay, her case bewailin',  
 An aften pray'd the hour to see  
 When she, (ilk other comfort failin')  
 In peace could lay her down, an' dee.

But tho' at e'en the cloud o' sorrow  
 May gie the weary bosom pain,  
 A fairer sun may rise to-morrow,  
 An' lang-lost joys may smile again.

Thus while false hopes are disappearin'  
 And Musie thought her waes compleat,  
 Kind Strangers came, wi' voice so cheerin',  
 An' drew her frae her lane retreat.

Wi' gentle words, her anguish healin',  
 They bade her, ay, forget the past;  
 She rose, inspir'd wi' gratefu' feelin'  
 An' lang as life itsel' shall last,

While the fu' heart wi' transport glowin',  
To Heav'n its silent off'ring sends,  
Fu' aft her wakefu' numbers flowin',  
Shall fondly bless the Muse's Friends.

THE END.





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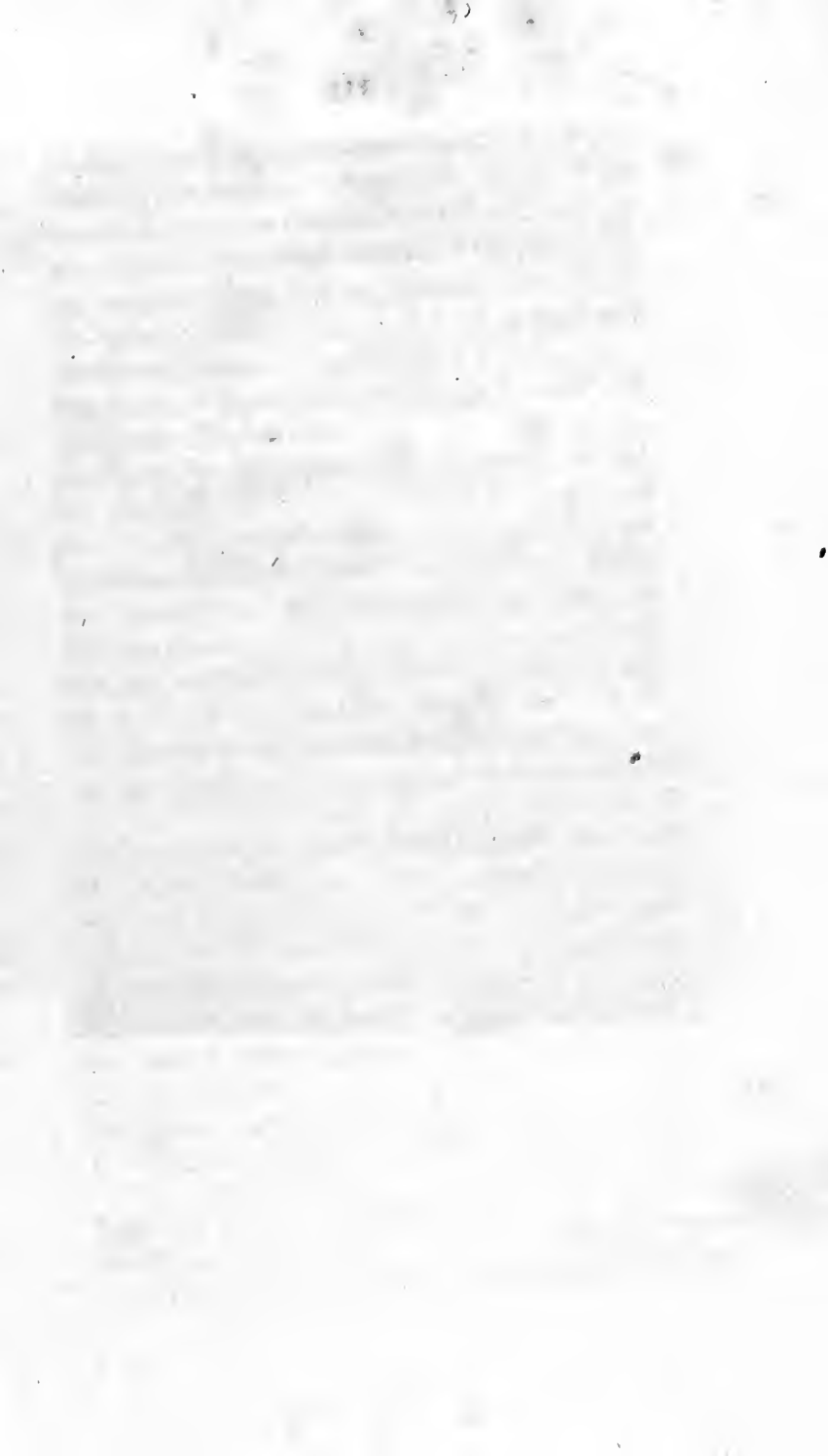
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